REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST. BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. IX.

LITERARY MEMORIES. LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS-THE TRANSCENDENTAL PERIOD-INFLUENCE OF CARLYLE-MARGARET FULLER - SARAH BELIEN WHITMAN - HENRY GILES-LITERARY REMUNERATION.

In these papers I make little attempt to process in strict chronological sequence; and perhaps the reader will be kind enough to consider them as scarce more formal than a rambling conversation a monologue lacking the convenient suggestion and stimulus of a real table-talk-a mensal coat the guesis sightless, and the master of the humble feast merely a soliloquizer, though there are ghost enough, Heaven knows, at the board. As early a 1837, there began a peculiar period of intellectual activity—the era of what is called though not with much scientific accuracy, transcen dentaism. The influence of Thomas Carlyle upo American 'etters was felt about that time, particu larly in our colleges, and the name of that venerable man is often conjoined with Mr. Emerson's, though the two have hardly a literary or intellectani trait in common, unless that of writing uncon ventional English may be so considered. There was a Carlyle mania in our college which resulted in the production of what I am afraid was sad nonsense. We all went through what may be regarded as a storm-and-stress period. Some of us manufactured bad poetry, and some of us equally bad prose; we talked of "shams" and wind-bags"; and the more meosuprehensible they were, the profounder we considered our productions to be. Yet I am even now inclined to think that there was a genuine earnestness at the bottom of it it all; it was a sprawling, awkward, hobbie-de-hoy effort to be manly; and, at least, it was more wholesome than the Byron fever, which just be fore that find so sorely tried the constitutions of American youth, and the patience of their natural guardians. Our efforts to write like Carlyle drove the Professor of Electoric nearly frantie, but a little in ercourse with the actual soon knocked the nonsense out of us; and we returned to our respect for Nurray's Grammar and for the style of Addison or Macaulay, having discovered that an affectation of sincerity was no better than a satanic affectation of falsehood.

All the pretence of supernatural instincts and of God-inspired intuitions were not confined to the sollege; Providence had town-folk who wrote poe try as bad as ours, and two or three who wrote more rationally than we did. The main point was to be unintelligible. The more nearly we justified the mot that "language was given to conceal our thoughts," the more successful we considered ourselves to be. It is easy to see what happened when a young person of no special natural ability and of small and fragmentary culture talked, according to his own notion, as Novalis wrote. Margaret Fulier | not yet a marchioness, but a school-mistress) lived then and pursued ber arbie calling nobly in Providence. I saw her some smes in company and heard her talk-it would be hardly proper to say converse, for pobody else said much when she was in the Delphic mood. The catre of a circle of rapt and devoted admirers, she improvised not merely pamphlets, but thick octaves and quartes. Such an astonishing stream of Inneuage never came from any other woman' "She brought with her," said Mr. Emermouth. "wit, aneodotes, love stories, tragedies, oracles." She did not argue. I think she had a way of treating dissentients with a crisp contempt which was distinctly feminine. She had no tast for dialectics, as she took care to inform those who did not agree with her. She considered her own opinion to be conclusive, and a little resented any attempt to change it. Yet there was something eminently elevated in demeanor, for it was that of a woman swaying all around her, not by fascinating manner nor yet by personal beauty, of which she had none, but through the sheer force of a royal intellect. There were pecultarities in her ways and carriage which were no agreeable; a fashion of moving her neck, and of looking at her shoulders as if she admired them; and her voice was not agreeable. Mr. Emerson says that personally she repelled him upon first acquaintsuce, but I was so astonished and charmed by her eloquence, by such discourse as I had never before heard from a woman, and have never heard from a woman since, that I sat in silence, and, if my ears had been fifty instead of two, I should have found an excellent use for them. I do not mean to say that I comprehended all that she said; I had not read the philosophers and poets of Germany as she simply to listen was enough, without cheap understanding. Something like this fascina tion must have been exercised by Coleridge over the listeners who gathered about him at Highgate, and went away charmed but puzzled; delighted they knew not why. Was it a pleasure analogous to that of music a suggestion too delicate for

f sisvigan There was a babit once, which, fortunately, is not now so common, of comparing our American reputations with old staple tames. This poet was like Wordsworth: Mr. Emerson, I believe, was the American Montgigne; Miss Fuller was the American De Staël; Mr. Poe was the American Hoffmann. This prattle was specially silly when it was about Mirs Fuller, who was no more like De Staël than she was like Bettina, with whom I have also beard her paralleled. Schiller wrote to Goethe of the brithant Frenchwoman : "She insists upon explaining everything." I am sure that Miss Margaret did not attempt to explain anything, for that would have been a condescension to which she was not prone. Schiller speaks also of De Staël's "horror of the Ideal Philosophy, which she thinks leads to the mysterious and superstitious "-there was no bkeness there; nor was the American lady, like the Freuch, "passionate and rhetorical." If I remember rightly, she was calm in her speech, though ocessionally swift. But she had a talent for summing up concisely, as when she said of Goethe; "I think he had the artist's hand and the artist's eye, but not the artist's love of structure." This compactness sometimes became almost comical, as when, in The Dial, she dismissed Mr. Longfellow's latest work with only the remark: "This is the thinnest of all Mr. Longfellow's thin volumes," which was hardly kind and scarcely critical. It is remarkable that this noteworthy woman's fame has already becometraditional; she is remembered as a voluble talker, but much is not said of her books. She had colloquial habits of composition, and was rather a careless writer. The work upon which she had bestowed the greatest pains was lost with her in the remorseless sea; her literary contributions to THE TRIBUNE were not of permanent value; it was her task to deal mainly with the temporary and evanesent, and to be obliged to work too much from day to day. But always, in American literature, she will remain a remarkable biographic phenomenon; while the tragic death of this Lycidas of women, a most painful personal story of shipwreek, was intensified by so many melancholy incidents, that whoever, long years honce, may read of them, will wonder how the gods could have been so pitiless, and why the life of new happiness and of larger intellectual achievement which was before her should so suddenly have ended upon that savage and in-

The best literary people fifty years ago in Providence, were always to be met at the agreeable house of Miss Annie C. Lynch (now Mrs. Botta), who ha during her residence in New-York been equally hospitable, and equally fortunate in her hospitality It was there that I met the late Mrs. Sarah Heler Whitman, a woman of special and various lit-erary abilities, a poet of such originality that she should be better known, and a writer capable of strong and excellent work, as her contributions to Brownson's Quarterly Review testified. If this were the place for definite literary criticism I should be ed to express somewhat more largely my estireate of the peculiar and delicate beauty of many of Mrs. Whitman's poems. Her eye for the charms of nature was almost painfully acute, and, I might microscopic; so that I heard one her friends say that it was nearly a pain to walk with her, since she expected him to share in such a perpetual and minute observation. Not a tint of the sky, the meadow, the river, the wood, eseaped her; no flower was too small to be seen by her ; and all her glances, like those of Thoreau, were discoveries. There had been peculiar and deep sorrow in her early life; then succeeded a period of calm culture and of comparative happiness; then darker days of disappointment. It is not secret, I believe, that she was betrethed to Poe, and that he behaved in the affair with his usual insane selfishness. If a marriage was contemplated, as I suppose it was, it was well and wise t give it up, for no happiness could have come from it to either. She remained, however, steadfast in her affection for that unfortunate man of genius. To speak well of him was an instant passport to her riendship and good offices. Once when I had crinical acritical estimate of Mr. Poe's centus and writings, I was gratified by receiving from her : otter in which she thanked me for what she was pleased to regard as some service to his fame and some vindication of his character. Curiously enough, she tusisfed in this letter upon Poe's goodness of heart and unselfish disposition, which were the only points upon which I was inclined to disagree with her. Of his cleverness and wonderful literary dexterity she could not think more highly than I did. One of her finest poems was inspired by the poet's death. It is entitled "Resurgam," and will be found in her "Hours of Life." I think it was in Providence that I first met Mr.

Henry Giles, and made that acquaintance which

afterward deepened into a permanent and delightful friendship. He still lives, though ill health has suspended his literary activity. By birth an Irishman, he had wen a high position in England as a Uniterian preacher, was the personal friend of James Martineau, and was regarded by the onnection as one of its ablest controversialists. He came to America in 1840, and though he continued occasionally to preach, he was best known throughout the country as a popular lecturer. I never knew what Irish eloquence was until I beard Mr. Giles; only then did I begin to understand how Curran and Grattan and Phillips and O'Connell could so move the mercurial children of the Emerald Isle. Here was brilliancy without vulgarity or ridiculous excess; warmth without extravagance; rapid magination still kept well in hand; a rhetoric without superabundance. Apart from his mo-ble head and musical voice. Mr. Giles had small personal advantages as an orator, for his figure was minutive, and had lost its symmetry through an accident in infancy. But if these drawbacks had been much greater than they were, they would have been utterly forgotten by his audiences. He could provoke to laughter, he could move to tears; when he dwelt upon the wrongs of Ireland he made us all, in pity and indignation, forget its follies. Those who heard hom for the first time expected nothing when h arose, and everything before he had concluded. He had like all his countrymen, a great love of good stories, and nobody could tell them better. fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, so that when he reviewed Dean Ramsay's book on Scotch humor. I think in The Christian Examiner, he made it a point whenever he quoted one of the Deau's stores to supplement it by one of his own. But, admirable a Mr. Giles was as a lecturer, preacher and essayist, it was as a talker that he was supreme. It is impossible to compute out of how many hours' sleep he has pleasantly cheated me. His writings, fine as they are, give no idea of his humor, pathos and learning; and what after all, were these to his genial nature and superabundant generosity I With the careless humanity of his country, be would give away whatever was in his pocket, and if he were asked for them, his coat and his cloak also. Chronic Jeremy Diddlers, whose only recommendation was their brogue, waylaid him and despoiled him, to the great distress and indignation of his excellent Yankee wife. Finally it was thought best that she should keep the money. Pitiful were his appeals for a small sum while some sturdy swindler from County Wexford, or some other Irish county, was waiting at the street door. Usually it was known to everybody in the house, except Mr. Giles, that the man had called upon the same errand several times before-atways hailing from a different county -and was likely to call several times again. But the persistent kindness of the benevolent man gen erally carried the day and sent the tramp away rejoicing. My friend was like Oliver Goldsmith in ntter want of sharp worldly wisdom. His wife would point to his handsome and quite extensive library, and tell you with honest pride that before he was married he never kept a book. He was se genial and generous, and so full of sympathy with the sorrows of others, that he should never have known any of his own; but they came to him heavy and not a few in number. He broke down utterly while delivering one of a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston ; deep and tragic bereaveeent followed; many griefs fell to his let which he might we'll have been spared; but so long as he lives he will be loved and deserve to be,

The mention of a man of genius who lived by his pen reminds me of the great and remarkable changes which have taken place in my own time in the matter of literary remnueration. Fifty years ago, in this country, apart from the money paid to preachers, and perhaps the writers of school-books, there was no such thing. I should be surprised to learn that Bryant received any pecuniary compensation whatever for "Thanatopsis," which was published in The North American Ecricie in 1817. American poet of that early period who was well paid was Robert Treat Paine, jr., who received \$11 a line for his celebrated song of "Adams and Liberty," and liberal profits for several of his other poems. But Paine had a great many family and other friends in Boston and the neighborhood, and was personally and lecally pepular. Out of Boston, in 1820, I question if any Massachusetts editor received so much as \$500 a year, for most writing u newspapers was done by lawyers and other men of education as a labor of love or of political fealty. The first magazines paid nobody, and much later there were respectable periodicals which never ran the risk of burting a young writer's pride by offering him sordid wages. It was honor enough to be print ed, and only a little money was paid to distin guished contributors whose names advertised the magazine. The lyceums, then most economically managed, seldom gave more than \$20 for a lecture-many of them gave even less; I remember, and have reason to remember, an instance in which only \$10 were paid for a lecture or . Shakespeare," which, however, was considerably more than it was worth. I believe that Godey and Graham, the Philadelphia magazine publishers. were the first to pay at all handsomely. The coolness with which an editor would graciously " accept" an article and print it, without a word of thanks, was even then irritating, though we did not expect anything else: now it would be regarded as a piece of swindling. Willis was the first magazine writer who was tolerably well paid; at one time, about 1842, he was writing four articles monthly for four magazines, and receiving \$100 for each. Even this would not now be considered much for a man of his great reputation and popularity as a writer. But all is changed. Prices for newspaper work of a literary class have nearly trebled within twenty years. new liberal profession has been created, which welleducated men are giad to enter, and in which they find, if they are worthy of it, substantial encoun

THE HABITS OF THE LATE SULTAN.

From Mrs. Brussey's " Sunshine and Storm in the East." One of the Sultan's manias is a dread of fire. He has had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous new palace built further out of town, nor will be allow a single article of wood inside the palace. Even the wooden fez pers have been turned out. All the flat candiesticks must be surrounded by a sancer of water. He had two of the Sultanas bow-typic the other day for transpressing this rice and saucer of water. He had two of the Solians bow-strung the other day for transgressing this rule, and half murdered the wife of one of his colonels for the same offence. He knocked her down, and beat and trampled on her, so that the poor woman was ill for days after. One night, not long ago, its escaped from the palace in his nightshirt, and get into a common cab. He was immediately pursued by some faithful attendants carrying his clothes but it was from the palace in his nightshirt, and got into a common cab. He was immediately pursued by some faithful attendants carrying his clothes, but it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to put them on and return. It is not wonderful that he should occasionally suffer from nightmare, for though he neither drinks, nor smokes, nor takes coffee, he eats eleven times a day an enormous meal. There are always ninety-foor dishes prepared, from which he may make his choice. Whatever he selects is carefully scaled up in the kitchen by the

Sultan's mother herself. The seals are broken only in his presence. Some one tastes every dish before him, and he drinks water out of a prepared goblet, which poison would discolor or break. He is very anxious to change the order of succession, and make his own son the next heir, instead of being succeeded by the eldest male of the family of Osman; but as this is opposed to Mahometan custom generally. I do not think he is likely to succeed.

The unfortunate nephews, of whom there are four, the eldest thirty-four years old, are kept all together in a large palace, and have all their meals sent from the Sultan's kitchen. So afraid are they, however, of being poisoned, that they never eat them but have an old woman to cook for them privately. They are allowed to go out in the daytime on the Bosuhorus, with a strong guard. They have surreptitiously learned to play the pinne, and read French newspapers and novels, two things of which the Sultan would highly disapprove; and I fancy that if ever they should come to the throne, they will be found to be very advanced young Turks indeed. Everything is kept from the koowledge of the Sultan would he likely to dissplease him, for he would either publicly disappreach is informant, or, if the intelligence were very disagreeable indeed, have him bowstrung. The consequence is that no one has yet dared to tell him of the famine in Asia Mimor, and he is in perfect ignorance of that fact.

"I HEAR THEE CALLING."

For The Tribune.

I bear thee through the stilly air,
Calling, calling, calling;
I hear thee when the night is fair,
When cloudless floats the radiant moon
And pipes the frog in his lagoon And pipes the frog in his agoon
I hear thee, Thomas. There's a slow
And plaintive pathos in thy tone
That comes to me, a poet, lone
And thoughtful, and the flow And thoughtful, and the flow Of rhymes is stopped, the while I list To the "Maria" quavered low From some near housetep. Ah, from thee, Perchance, was sweet "Maria" torn, And likewise, haply, in the spree An eye, a bunch of hair, were missed.

An eye, a bunch of hair, were missed.

"Maria" will not come. Thy cry
Is heard by me, and I can catch
Thy outlines on the neighboring thatch—
Thy back bent upwant to the sky
With heaviness of inward wo,
Thy shited ears, thy hair awry,
Thy fail that moveth to and fro,
Tay furrowed brow—however, that
Was farrowed by some rival cat.
I see thee, hear thee, but "Mare"
Will see thee, hear thee, nevermore,
For I—10 say sooth, Thomas, I
Don't think she'll ever come to shore.
I hear the calling:
I hear thee calling:
I hear thee when the oight is fair,
When cloudless floats the radiant moon
And pipes the frog in his lagoon
I hear thy caterwauling.
N. S. Tomer.

A TREMENDOUS SPOOK.

From The Cencinnati Commercial.

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A commercial traveller representing a well-known house in Fort Wayne, who is an intimate Irread of the writer, strived in the city this afternoon from Jonesboro, a good-sized town in Grant County, about twenty miles northwest of here. He storted to Minnele vesterday morning, and intended to take in the way stations and make this city early to-day. He was unavoidably detained. The roads were had beyond a pen description. He was driving through a piece of woodland, near the northeast corner of this county, just after dusk. The houses were dragging the light spring wagon through mud, into which their hoof sank a foot deep or more.

Suddenly the horses sprang forward with all the power possible, and a formulable being appeared in front of them. It was a black object, and, stalking about like Banque's ghost, with one wave of its bony hand, stopped the frantic steeds and chained them, as it were, in their tracks. The occupant of the ways say, he was were seen.

about like Banque's ghost, with one wave of its bony hand, stopped the frantic steeds and chained them, as it were, in their tracks. The occupant of the wagon says he was overcome with a feeling peculiar to death. He could not scream, talk nor move. He sat like a statue. The ghost-like personage, with one great step, put itself into the wagon, and seating itself beside him, took the reins from his hands and, pulling the white from its socket and cracking it over the heads of the horses, they started off in a rapid gait. Not a word was said, but the mysterious being guided the horses a quarter of a mile over the most horrible road in the country, when it arose to its feet and placing its hand on the head of the naite and vanished.

The drummer could not speak for near an hour, so overcome was he, yet he vows he knew everything that passed. He soon reached a farmhouse, stopped his team and tried to call out, but his voice failed him. He drove to the next one, and then was able to ask for lodging, and got it. He did not tell a word of his adventure, however, to the farmer, fearing he would make a dance of himself, he said, but the real cause was superstition, no doubt. The next morning he started to Muncie, and was quite nervous when he arrived. The traveller declares that he saw the strange being as above stated. When asked how it looked in the face sile countremance—he replied that he did not observe closely, but when he looked for its face all was blank—blank. Yet he saw the form, and betteves that had he put forth his hand he would have felt something tangible!

INTELLECTUAL SUPREMACY IN THE

From The Pall Malt Gazette

Another feature of the Talmud is the supremacy therein conceded to intellect, to remain. A man is not to recept slayishly and unthinkingly any dogma therein conceded to intellect, to reason. A man is not to succept showship and untimizingly any dogonal tendered but. He is to weigh and reflect and consider. His mind is to guide him; his reason to be his sole and only arotter. Not even a surracle is to convince, anless ins reason affirm the conclusion to which he arrives. In the introduction to an able French translation of the Treatse-Bernchoth. M. Schwab has admirably treated this point, those who can obtain scess to the work cannot do better than read the vell-written preface to which we refer. The supremacy of reason even in unitiers of faith, is well set torth in one of the most remarkable legends contained in the Talmud. It is to be found in Baba Metziah [59]; "An important question of doctrine as to pure and impure things was being discussed in the presence of Rabin Eliezer the Great. All his arguments urged in favor of the views he entertained had been answered; he could find no reply. He was silenced but not convinced. Suddenly his eye caught a plant that was growing in a corner. 'That I am in the right,' he indignantly exclaimed, 'and that my views are in accordance with our law, let yonder plant be witness.' Scarce had he speken the words, when the plant, tearing its roots from the earth, moved across to the opposite side! 'What means this marvel?' eried the Rabbins together. 'What has this prodigy to do with the question we are now debating?' 'Weil, then,' resumed Eliezer, 'let the brook which is now running downward demonstrate the truth of my decision.' Immediately the stream of water turned and commenced to flow upward toward its source! "What,' cried the Rabbins, 'does this brook

What, cried the Rabbins, 'does this brook "What, cred the Rabbins, does him brook running upward or flowing downward prove as to the purity or otherwise of what we are now discussing?" Then, exclaimed Rabbi Eliezer, let the walls of this chamber be my witness to testify for me. Straightway the walls bent them and threatened to overwhelm the whole of the assem-bled doctors. Uprose Jeshua, the son of Chanan-yab; 'O ye walls,' he creed, 'what have ye to do with the microretation of the holy law?' Awed by with the interpretation of the holy law? Awed by the voice of the great Rabbin, the walls recovered their former position. 'If all this be unavailing,' said Rabbi Eliezer, 'let the voice of God decide!' Immediately a bath kol—a heavenly voice—was heard saving, 'Cease your contradictions; Eliezer the son of Hyrcanus is right.' Universe again the blacksmith Joshna, president of the Beth-Din, protesting against this inviserious voice. 'Reason,' he nigrily exclaimed,' is not concealed in the skies. It has been sent down on earth—there conferred upon man. To man's intellect pertains the interpretation and knowledge of the law. To the majority of the sages alone belongs henceforth the authority to decide all questions of dectrine.'"
The lesson conveyed in this remarkable legend is that which underlies the entire Tainud.

HOW "OUIDA" SAVED HER HORSE.

From The Whitehall Excion.

Rest would cure half the accidents that horses re-ceive, but people will not give it them because it costs money. A pet horse of mine ind a very bad strain consequent on a groom's disobelience; his leg was almost as useless as though it were broken; strain consequent on a groom's disobedience; his leg was almost as useless as though it were broken; he was seen by many veterinaries and pronounced incurably injared; I was advised to sell him or kill him. I did neither; I had his plates taken off, put him into the largest loose box I have—one 18 feet by 13 feet—with straw up to his knees, and then, giving him no treatment except cold-water bandages, kent him deing nothing for a year; gently walked about on the soft paths of my woods when it was fine weather. He recovered entirely after twelve months' rest; and now he is ready to jump over the moon, and the only hard task is to make him not gallop. Now I am aware that what is possible with one favorite horse is not possible with many; but there are thousands of people to whem a horse's keep for a year would be no very great burden, and it is only his keep that costs anything when you have other horses in your stable and men to aftend on them. I was men and women would think of this and not sell their horses to cabmen and carters that they may have gumens to blazen their names with on the books of public charities. If they will not spend time and money in curing the malades incurred in their own service, they might at least relinquish the small gain to be obtained by the sale of an infirm herse and, as I say, give bim the last said mercy of a swift death. To shoot a horse is a cruel work; nine tings out of ten the best shot fails of immediate effect; the mnet-valuated bag of calcroform is a still more terrible torture. There is only one merciful way—that of the tube inserted in the vein behind the ear and blown into, when the horse drops instantly.

HOME INTERESTS.

AMERICAN CANNED MEATS POPULAR. ENGLISH CANNED GOODS DRIVEN OUT OF THE MAR-KET-A GREAT CONVENIENCE FOR IMPROMPTU LUNCHES-VEGETABLES FROM THE SOUTH-

SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

It is not always convenient to have the larder

supplied with cold meats and other such delicacies for impromptu lunch parties. In small families a large joint of meat, prepared to be eaten cold, becomes a burden to the conscience long before the last of it has disappeared. It is not pleasant to inflict it upon the family for many meals in succe sion; and to the fragal housewife it is real misery to see things wasted. Potted meats were for a long time the only substitutes for good old-fashioned home-cooked meats, and potted meats could not be meed conveniently except in the form of prepared sandwiches, "notional" people not liking the unappetizing operation of spreading a paste of meat over their bread. Americans were for many years dependent upon the English for Inxuries of this sort, and a very nice variety they supplied. Chicken, ham, tongue, beef, fish of all kinds, were to be had done up in pretty little jars and convenient to use; but the English preparations were always more highly seasoned than the average American cares to have his food, so that while they were used, they never became popular. As assual, the enterprising American saw his opportunity, and to-day the English potted meals are almost entirely crowded out of the trade, and immense exportations are constantly being made of the superior American canned meats, fish, vegetables and fruits. In the first-class grocery stores the American potted tongue is sold for 35 cents per can, a can containing about one pound or a little less; ham is sold for the same price, and it really tastes like ham, and not like mustard and cayenne pepper: chicken is 50 cents per can, and turkey 30 cents. But the achievaneat in canning means which places American productions for beyond the English is not home-cooked meats, and potted meats could not be not like mustard and cayenne perjet; chicken is 50 cents per can, and turkey 30 cents. But the achievement in canning mea's which places American productions for beyond the English is not in the superiority of the potted meats, but in the preparation of ham, chicken, tongue and game in sace form as to make it possible to have thom served whole in the most delicious fashion. A whole tengue is canned, and, instead of being chopped up and pressed into a solid mass, is so carefully handled that it is ready to be served not or cold in its original form, or can be cut in slices as desired. They are put up in 2½-pound caus, and cost about 40 cents per pound. When one cannot depend upon a cost to prenare a chicken in good style, a curried fowl can be served at a moment's notice it necessary. A few cans of such delicaness stored away make the advent of an unexpected guest a real piensare instead of an amongance, as it sometimes is. Curried fowl is 40 cents per pound. A boared turkey prepared with truffles and jeily is only 50 cents per nound, and makes a delicious dish.

Whole boneless hams are 33 cents per pound. All American canned preparations came at lone-half the rece of the English. For some things, however.

All American canned preparations came at one-half the price of the English. For some things, however, America is still denendent upon English, such as pheasant, which is \$250 per can, and English jügged hare \$1.25.

the foreign preserves are put up in such Same of the foreign preserves are put up in some dainty bottles and are so beautiful to look at and so delicions to finite that many are willing still to ray the extra price. Preserved quinces, apricots and elserties are nothing short of pictures in their pretty bottles, and imported mixed pickles are actually arranged in landse, pes and figures of men and animals, showing great skill and ingenuity on the part of the state. Most delicated flavored wild mixed parts of the contract of the co which grow in the lovests of France, are preserved and called Mno jdekles, and self for 90 cents per small battle.

For imprompta lunches, as has already been sug-

gested, these preparations are exceedingly convenient, and it would be well for all housekeepers to supply their larder in anticipation of the possible

emergency.

The game market has almost disappeared from the face of the marverse. Nothing now remains of the overstocked sinis, which were to be found in all directions in the markets last Fall, but a few all directions in the morkets hast Fall, but a few lonely piecons which sell at \$2.50 per dozen, some ducks, \$1.50 per pair, and wild reese, \$1.25 apiece; turkeys are from 12 to 14 cents for inferior quality and 14 to 16 cents per pound for choice variety; chickens are from 14 to 16 cents per pound. In the vegetable markets delicacles from the South attract those who can afford to pay 50 and 75 cents per half peck for green peas; Bernaula pointoes have come down a little and are now selling for \$1 per peck; beets from the South are \$1 per peck, and tomatoes are 40 cents per quart.

per peck; heets from the South are \$1 per peck, and tematoes are 40 cents per quart.

Cut sugar is 11½ centsper bound this week in the retail stores, grammated 11 cents, powdered sugar 11½ cents, and brown still from 7 to 9 cents. Butter of a good quality is selling for 35 cents per pound; of course increare chesper varieties, but none fit for table use. A superior quality of rolled bufter is still holding its old market rate of 40 and 45 cents. is still holding its old market rate of 40 and 45 cents. Eggs are 25 cents per dozen; honey, 29 to 25 cents per pound, and maple syrup 15 to 25 cents per pund. In the fish market shad sell for 81 25 for roe shad, 81 for buck; fresh salmon \$1 25 per pound; ced fish cut into steaks is 10 cents per pound, live cod 8 cents, and market cod 6 cents. The different frozen or refrigerated fish are still at Winter onces which do not vary much. Muscalonge is from 12 to 15 cents; hallint 18 cents for the fine white variety, and 15 cents for gray; hard crabs are \$3 per hundred, and terrapin from \$18 to \$24 per dozen.

DAINTY DISHES

DELICIOUS RISOTTO, AS MAIGE IN RUSSIA.—Take one-half pound of rice, wash and pick it; put it in a stewpan with three ounces of butter; when melted add a half pint of good gravy or stock; simmer gently until the rice is tender; than stir in three sources Parmesan choose (grater) and on connec of butter; serve either alone as an entrice of

APPLE SOUPPLE .- Boll some apples with very litvery lifte cert states with a gold of mik, still it over the fire until it thickens, add the yelks of four eggs, and as much abole marmalade as will make a mixture of the proper consistency; work it well, so as to get it of a uniform smoothness, then add the writes of six eggs whisked to a still froth, mix them in quickly with the rest, pour into a plan mould, and put into the over at once.

rise in quickly the last pair into a pain insuid, and put into the over at ones.

Figh Omelet.—Beat up three fresh eggs with a quantity equal to an egg in bulk of the flesh of noticet almon, shreeded incept with a fork, a pinch of mineed parsiev, pepper, sair, and inif a dozen bits of butter the size of a pea. I'nt a piece of butter the size of an egg into the pan, let it meet without browning, and as soon as it is melted and hot pour in your omeet maxture and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a flat spoon. The moment it begins to set cease surring but keep shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the lank or spoon double up your one-let, and seep on shaking the pan until one side of the omelet has become a golden color, when you dexterously tirn it out on a hot dish, the colored side uppermost.—[t. C.

Devonshire Jenker.—Take tresu milk and put

dish, the colored side uppermost,—[6, C.

DEVONSHIEE JUNKET.—Take tresh milk and put it in the oven or on a hot stove until it becomes the same warmth as from the cow. Then put a glass of brandy and powdered sugar into it sufficient to sweeten it; then put a piecoof rennet into the milk, remove it in a few minutes and leave the milk to set in solid curd, which it will soon do: then lay over the top of it either very good cream, quite smoothly, or Devonshire cream, or you may whip the cream. The real Devoushire way is to remove cream from the top of a durty pan in one sheet and lay it over. the top of a dairy pan in one sheet and lay it over.
Ornament the top with autneg if you want it to be
thoroughly Devonshire.

LOBSTER SALAD.-Cut a number of pieces of the Lon-Tri Salah.—Cut a number of pieces of the flash of a lobster into convenient sizes. Have some well-flavored aspic jelly, just melt it, pour a layer of it a quarter of an inch thick into a border mould; when it legins to set, arrange the pieces of lobster, reserving two or three of the best, in the mould, with leaves of tarragon; fill up with jelly, and by the mould on ice to set. Cut the remainder monin, when heaves or tarragon, and my the heaves, and my the mould on ice to set. Cut the remainder of the lobster, and dress it with lettuce, as an ordinary salad. Turn out the border on a disk, fill the inside with salad heaped up, lay the reserved pieces of lobster on the top, and ornament with any design made of whites and yolks of eggs, truffles and aspic ielly, all finely mixed

MEAT SALAD.-Cut some cold meat into neat slices, brash them over with oil, season with sait and pepper to taste, sprinkle a little vinegar over, and dispose them on a dish, upon a foundation of lettice arcssed with Mayonnaise, and ornamented with hard-botted eggs, beets, and little pickles. A nice salad for luncheon.

with hard-boiled eggs, beets, and little pickles. A nice sailed for luncheon.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—Boil some carrots and some turnips in salted water with a smail piece of butter, but do not let them be overdone; when cold cut out of them, with a vegetable scoop, a number of preces the size of an olive; cut some beet-root in the same way, and likewise some truffles. Take equal parts—say a cupful—of each of the above, and a similar quantity of preserved fresh (not dried) haricol beans ready cookes, and of asparagus points preserved in the same way. Two tablespoonfuls respectively of capers, of French picklet gberkins cut into the shape of capers, and of anchovies, periectly cleaned, and cut into small pieces; a couple of dozen or more olives stoned, one tablespoonful of tarragon and cherwit mineed line, and half that quantity of chives, also mineed. Mix the whole lightly together into a Mayonnaise dressing. Oroament with hard-boiled eggs, caviare, lobster spawn, clives, pickles, truffles, etc. The Spanish preserved sweet capsicums (Finicatos dules) are a great addition to the above, not only for their exquisite taste, but on account of their brailism color. above, not only for their exquisite taste, but on account of their brilliant color.

MINCE PIE MADE EASY .- Take a cold roast of MINCE FIR MADE EASY.—Take a cold roast of fine, well-inited beef, remove all gristle and burnt edges; chop line. Add ripe, tart apples, also chopped fine, in proportion of one part beef to two of the apple; mix thoroughly; add one two-quart jar of canned currants, cider or wine sofficient to thin, a very small pinels of cloves, a small quantity of orange beel, and a good measure of very fine raisins. Sweeten and saft to laste; do not boil. This simple recipe procurees toost satisfactory results, and as fully procures nest satisfactory results, and is fully equal, it not sub-crier, to the compound made after the oid, the sole and intreate precess.—[E. C. Conn a. D. Tomatons.—A pleasing variety for the

table may be made by taking of corn and towats escach one can, place together in a sauccuan, season, and allow to stew just long enough to be well cooked —do not add water.—{E. C.

HINTS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

From Land and Water.

Somewhere lately I read that in some country house where milk was in plenty, a pan of it was placed near meat in the larder to keep the latter tresh. I am sorry to be so lame in my story, but the principle to be carried out was that milk, being a ready absorbent, the bad air that would otherwise have tainted the meat flew to the milk instead. My thoughts immediately reverted to the sick room, where milk is often left standing for the use of the invalid; and it occurred to me that if this were the case would it not just as readily absorb the poisonious exhalations that arise there I Way, or how, I am not chemist enough to explain, but—as most persons are aware—water is a rapid absorbent of the taint of paint; and in a room freshly painted, a pail of clean, cold water left standing there, will quickly "take off the sinell." Dry your finger into the water which has been thus left all night, you will find it tastes strongly of the paint. Milk is too costly to be thus largely used, but a little—say a sancer-fuil—might be placed for experiment, and it it tastes of the paint you may reasonably conclude that it would taste just as much (certainly absorb just as readily) of whatever impurities of hang round a sick bed when left standing near it.

Let me impress upon invalids the importance of keeping their refreshments covered. Many delicate persons not absolutely in need of oright attendance yet require a supply of night nutriment. I know of an invalid Home where aimost every patient is regularly supplied with a glass of milk at the bedside for night use. Then there are cooling drinks, jellies, blancmanges, and a variety of liquids usually seen at the invalid's see-side, and all more or less absorbent. All should be kept covered. I once visited an invalid who had her bed-side table supplied with an array of glasses, curs, tumblers, etc., the contents of not one of which could we see, all being covered with a most amusing variety of glass and porcelain lids. The invalid liked to forget the contents

GOOD AND BAD BREAKFASTS.

From The News (London).

Mr. Ernest Hart has been saying some very sensible things about breakfast in The Scullary Record. In few things do civilized nations differ from each other more than in the arrangements of breakfast. To eat a Scotch breakfast, for example, one requires to have passed some time in mountainons air and in active exercise. Given these conditions, the porridge, the Fluman haddocks, the one-lettes, the ham, the troat, the cold grouse, the marmalade, the hot "scones," the strawberries and cream, the tea and coffee, and the rest are all that a tringal tastecan desire. But Mr. Hart thinks that tea is not the right beverage at breakfast. It is a simulant to the nerves, and the nerves should not be stimulated so early in the day. To be sure, a pipe forward should make that all right, but people who do not smoke, if they would be truly wise, should avoid tea at breakfast. The French take wine, and a good deal of it, but now Frenchmen can breakfast as they do and achieve any sert of work afterward is a great mystery. They begin the day with a roll and some concellation a "nerve stimulant," we fear, and get through much business before noon. But how they can attempt business for three hours after theft exorbitant second breakfasts should be digestible, warm, abundant, unexetting, nourishing, Eggs, bacon and toast, day after day for all one's life, are abundant, and may be nourishing, but are only too certainly "unexeiting."

Mr. Hart suggests porridge as good for breakfast,

eiting."

Mr. Hart suggests porridge as good for breakfast, and so it is if the other items of a Scotch breakfast, are to follow. By itself it is not very filling at the price. Here hominy has a slight advantage over the Northern disk, but hominy is still less exciting. Like the backwheat cakes of a distinguished artist, it "gots a little monotonous." Hominy is eaten with milk and sugar, but it is still better with salt and pepper, or naything that will give it character. In breakfast we are all too much the slaves of routine.

A NEW VEGETABLE FROM CHINA.

From The Globe.

From the Globe.

Some experiments recently carried on by two or three Austrian and German horticulturists have brought into notice an almost forgotten plant which was introduced into Europe from China nearly thirty years ago, but whose existence, and whose products have been undeservedly lost sight of. This is the Soja hispida, a species of leguminous plant, somewhat resembling in habit and appearance the well-known pea. Utilike the latter, however, it has two distinct uses—industrial as well as a dimentary. It is highly mixed in China and Lapse, and have well-known pea. Unlike the latter, however, it has two distinct uses—industrial as well as alimentary, It is highly prized in China and Japan, and is said, indeed, to take its scientific title from the Japanese name of a sance-sooja—which is made from its seeds. The seeds are very similar to a "marrow-fat" pea, but contain a large quantity of oil, which is either pressed out of them or boiled out in process of cooking the seeds for the table which is effected by simply throwing them into boiling water, when the outer skin bursts and floats to the surface, together with a quantity of oil, both the oil and the husks being skinned oil together. These may be either used as cattle food, or the oil may be separated and employed for various pur-

These may be either used as cattle lood, or the off may be separated and employed for various pur-poses, while the basks are still valuable as a feed-ing stuff or as a manure.

The pens are boiled for about twenty minutes, and furnish a disc which is highly relished, not only by the Celestrals, but by the Europeans who have casted it. It is said to resemble in flavor the cross and the control of the control of the control of the crossrasted it. It is said to resemble in flavor the creen per, but lacks its sweet taste. The boiled soja is also precared as a cake and as a sauce, being termented for the latter purpose, and sail, pepper, etc., being added. The sauce has a high reputation among the Chinese and Japanese, not merely as a conditional, but as a medicinal agent. Chemical analysis of the seeds shows them to be very rich in proteine. The oil is available for many uses—for burning in lamps or even as a substitute for olive oil. Being somewhat of a siccative nature it is not adapted for a lubricant, but is for that reason useful as a substitute for inseed oil in the manufacture of paints and in other similar industrial arts. Finally, to complete the list of virtues of this Celestial pea, the hauling gives an excellent folder for eartle and horses.

BALZAC AND DELPHINE DE GIRARDIN.

From Temple Bar.

M. de Balzac is scarching in his mind for proverbs
which he can transpose for 'Leon de Lora'—a sort
of masculine Mis. Malaprop—such as "Les bors
comtes font les bons tamis." "Il est comme un âne

or meschine the comments of th bands, his waisteeat pushed up over his stomach, shaking one leg with a monotonous rhythm, betraving by the contracted nuscles of his brow an extraordinary preoccupation of mind; we ourselves doubled up between two cushions of the divan, like a theriaki in a state of hallucination—verily he would have been at a loss to know what we were all about. * * What happy evenings that will come back no more! We were far from foreseeing that that stately and beautiful woman carved in pure antique marble, that robust vivacious man who united in himself the vigor of the bull and the wild boar, half flercules, half a satyr, made to outlive a bands, his waistcoat pushed up over his stomach, poar, half Hercules, half a satyr, made to outlive a hundred years-would so seen pass away out of sight, one to Père La Chaise, the other to Mont-

THE MOSS INDUSTRY IN LOUISIANA.

From The New-Orleans Times From The New-Orleans Times
The Louisian moss industry is one of the important industries of New-Orleans, and as such demands some attention at the hands of the press. In common with all Southern manufacturing interests, it has its days of flush and its days of gloom in business. At present, however, the depression seems about over, and the trade is attaining its former respectable proportions.

The history of the manipulation of moss is very sumile. It is gathered mostly by negroes, who designed the properties of the manipulation of moss is very sumile. It is gathered mostly by negroes, who designed the manipulation of moss is very sumile.

The history of the manipulation of moss is very simple. It is gathered mostly by negroes, who devote a spare bour of the day to such work. After a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which period of time the moss renews itself. Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered it is placed on a sunny spot, and left a menth to the action of wind and weather. At the end of that time the grayish bark peels off, leaving the hair almost clean. Some of the mess requires no manipulation, while other assortments are, in weight, more than half dire. After being thus dried the material as sold to the plantation storekeeper or to the cross-roads groceryman, and the gatherer receives from 1 to 2 cents a pound for it, according to its quality. The stuff is balled and brought to this city for manufacture.

city for manufacture.

The gatherers of late seem surprised at the falling The gatherers of late seem surprised at the falling off in the prices said for moss. The reason is simple. The demand is not great, or rather, has not been up to within the last two months, and the quality of moss gathered has not been of a good grade. The gatherers seem to think that dusty and rotten moss should command 3 cents and be worth in the market 4½ cents, because it took as much time to gather it as it does to gather moss that commands such prices. If they would tring in a better article they would have no reason to complain of the smallness of the money paid.

After the moss reaches the factory it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement with a wheel inside, which paths

the moss bither and thither, and dashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned. Then it is hung out upon the racks to

This done, it is put into the duster, a fan mill, which entirely removes all the dust that may have survived the washing process. As a result, the moss comes into the factory yellow in color and goes out

comes into the factory yellow he color and goes out inky black.

The article is then made up into bales according to quality, and lettered with single, double, treble and quadruple X*. The highest grade, XXXX, can hardly be distinguished from the fivest and choicest horse-hair. The other grades are consumed mostly

AN AMERICAN FARMER IN BRAZIL

AN AMERICAN FARMER IN BRAZIL.

From Brazil, the Amazons and the Coast by Herbert H. Sm. in.
There is a great creaking of wheels and a confusion of drive-shouting. Down the Santarem-st. come four brown horses, dragging an immense American wagon; a tail, coatless individual sits astride of one of the lenders, and guides the cavalcade with much flourish and noise. He draws up in front of Sr. Caetano's store, and saintes the merchant; then alights and marches straight up to us, remarking:
"Wall Who are you?"
Of course, we get acquainted at once, and Mr. Platt is a man worth knowing, too. He is one of some fifty Americans who me established in the offers are from Mississippi, Alabama. and so onlaits origin the colony was much larger. Over 200 persons came here from Mobile, in 1866, ander the guidance of a certain Major Hastings. This was shortly after the great civil war, when the subject of Brazilian emigration was much agulated in our Southern States. People who had lost everything were willing enough to begin again on new soil; the Brazilian Government encouraged them to come, and agents were paid so much per head for their importation. Naturally, these agents drew a very glowing picture of Brazil, and said nothing at all about the difficulties that emigrants would have to meet. None of the colonies were very successful; their importation. Naturally, these agents drew a very glowing picture of Brazil, and said nothing at all about the difficulties that emigrants would have to meet. None of the colonies were very successful; this one of Santarem was badly made up in the outset; with a few good families there came a rabble of lazy vagabonds, offscourings of the army and vagrants of Mobile, who looked upon the aftar as a grand adventure. Arrived at Santarem, they were received kindly enough, but after a little the good people became disgusted with their guests, who quarrelied incessantly and filled the town with drunken uproar. Government aid for the colony was withdrawn; aractually the scum floated away, leaving the memory of their worthlessness to injure the others. The few families that remained had to outlive public opinion, and a hard time they had of it, with poverty on one side and ill-will on the other. But in time the Brazinans discovered that these were not vagabonds; they learned to respect their industry and perseverance; and now, all through the Amazons, you will hear nothing but good words of the Santarem colony.

industry and perseverance; and now, all through the Anazons, you will hear nothing but good words of the Santarem colony.

Farmer Platt presses us to "come out for a few days." So, when the wagon moves off presently, we are scated in the bottom of it, among sandry baies of dried lish and baskets of mandioca-meal—the week's provisions. The farmer cracks his whip sharply; the sun is low aiready, and the wheels must wade through eight miles of sand to-night. Bare-legged boys come out to stare; the wagon has not ceased to be a wonder, and truly it is a noteworthy spectacle, with the four horses and car tall farmer. The wagon, Mr. Platt informs as, was sent from his old home in Tennessee, and it had to pass through many vicissitudes of custom-house and travel before it reached this place. Long ago, a law was passed by which agricultural implements could be introduced, free of duty; but practically, this inw is a diad letter in almost every case, and even if it is allowed, the importer must be put to a vast amount of trouble. Mr. Platt's wagon paid quite as much for duty as it cost in the outset; everybody knows that this extortion was ifleral, that the duty was excessive in any case; but poor Platt has no redress, except by a litigation which he cannot afford. So it embounts, and grumbles, as a thousand other good man are crampling. And Bernel wanders ord. So the submits and grumbles, as a thousand ther good men are grumbling. And Brazil wonders the immigrants do not come. By the time we have toiled up one long slope and own another, darkness begins to fall. The tand,

down another, darkness segms to lim. The table, thus far, is sandy campe; trees are scattered over the surface, not close enough for shade not thickly leaved enough to be called luxuriant; they are low and gnarled; bushes and grass cluster about the roots, but there is no continuous undergrowth. The road is merely a track, winding among the tree-clumps until it enters the forest, five miles from Santagem.

Sautarem.

It is too dark now to see how great the change is; only the trees rise high on either side, and the branches almost meet against the gray sky above. Platt's should to his borses have a different sound. Flatt's shorts to his borses have a different sound, among the echoes; he stoeps now and then, to avoid a branch. Here and there great vine-stems hang down the dirkness above; in making the road they have been cut away near the ground, but the ends are still low enough to give the driver an occasional rap; he swings them right and left into the busies, with a great crash; we in the wagon must look out for our hats. The darkness grows deeper, until the free-tranks are lost in gloom and our driver is hardly visible. The forest seems to be higher; we can just see a few glinting stars overhead, where the gaps are widest. Tree-frogs and crickets are chirpping all around; a night-bird wails

head, where the gaps are widest. Tree-frogs and crickets are chirping all around; a night-bird wails from the branches; once or twice we catch glimpses of moths or bats fitting above us.

Presently we stop with a jerk; one of the wheels is caught in a big liman. Francisco, Mr. Platt's man, gets out of the wagon and cuts away the obstruction with a wood-kinfe. Then we go on, now running against a free, now sinking deep into a rut, getting through somehow with horse-muscle and man-initiscie. We pass a clearing and a little thicked house, hardly visible in the darkness. Mr. getting through somenow with horse-miscie and a man-miscie. We pass a clearing and a little thatched hense, hardly visible in the darkness. Mr. Platt and Francisco are discussing the owner of of this honse, an Indian, who is a noted hunter in these parts. Half a dozen jaguar skins he has, and more he has soid; there are scores of the hill beyond his house. Only a week ago he shot the hill beyond his house, only a week ago he shot the hall lost his best have one, but not until he had lost his best e has sold: there are scores of the animals on

dog by a blow from the creature's paw. Francisco of his own in the woods; the conversation takes a wonderful interest, with the darkness around and the mounting of the wind above.

By and by we alight to stretch our legs, walking beyond the slow-going wagen; we feel our way rather than see it, so dark the road is. There are whire an thills along the sides—pale glows of phosphorescent light, like coats in the askes. They look gheatly in the darkness, and we think of the jaguar stories with a little tremer. But presently comes stories with a little tremor. But presently comes the cheery shout behind, and the creaking of the wheels; and beyond there is a great clearing and a ace the dogs are pealing a noisy welc

The farmer's wife welcomes us cordially; the children are shy, for they do not often see strangers. Greetings over, we swing our hammocks under the thatch; the air is cool and pleasant—a little cold to-ward morning, so that we have need of our thick

MORALS AND MANNERS OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

German officers are indoubtedly the most highly educated in the world. They can only get promotion by assiduous study, and they take a professional pride in a culture which places them immensurably above their men. In this respect they truly form an aristocracy. Again, they have a strict code of honor which is kept in force by duelling, and which lays upon them the necessity of being very correct in their behavior not only toward each other but toward civilians. A German officer can only fight a duel with a man who is socially his equal, and he is expected to fight whenever he is insulted; so that if he get dragged into a disreputable brawl with an inferior, he finds himself in a dilemma from which there is no escape except by throwing up his commission. Some years ago a Prussian officer had his face slapped in the streets of Coblentz by a baker; he drew out his sword and cut down his aggressor like a dog there and then. Public opinion took his side, for had he let the affront pass he must have left the army; as it was he got tried by courtmartial, and was sentenced to a mouth's imprisonment, not for killing a baker, but for having a street quarrel with such a person.

Among officers, duels are pretty frequent, and yet not quite so frequent as seems to be imagined. A panetillous respect for hierarchy, a close observance of the forms of social ctiquet, tend to minimize the chances of quarrel; and then there are courts of honor before which disputes must be laid before the permission to fight is given, so that a mere truculent bravo could not win himself a repa-From The Pall Mall Gazette.

mize the chances of quarrel; and then there are courts of honor before which disputes must be laid before the permission to fight is given, so that a mere truculent brave could not win himself a reputation at the sword's point, nor tease his comrades by his impertmences. Generally speaking German officers are polite to a degree which far transcends the proverbial contresy of Frenchmen; while toward civilians they practises refinement of eliquet which is intended to put a proper distance between themselves and interlopers. In Germany the uniform of an officer is more respected than it is in any other country except England; and it conters prestigate the German officer gives hait for his honor, and may be relied upon to act uprightly in all possible contingencies. Scandals about money matters are extremely rare among the officers; and this is the more creditable to them, as no attenut is made to hush up such affairs when they do arise. The offender, wheever he may be, is at once brought to hook by his colouel, and if he cannot clear his honor he is promptly ordered to resign. book by his colonel, and if he cann honor he is promptly ordered to resign.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

From " Russia Before and After the War." t is no exaggration to say that the great ma-crity of female students in modern Russia are dis-inguished by their industry, talent and willinguess o make any sacrifice, and enter upon the pursuit f knowledge with far greater carnestness than the young men.

THE BLIND FIDDLER .- Jess: It's a wonder hoo as can see the do 't, and him stone biin' !-- Jock ! Ho disua need the see 't, lass! He hears it wi' his flugers !-- [Fun.

UNKIND.—Witness (about to give evidence with index pomposity): My name is Jackson Jones, and my profession is ——Judge; Never mind your gragesion: what's your trade t—[Judy.